THE CHURCH MONTHLY

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THE CHURCH MONTHLY

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Making the Best of a Bad Mess

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

TEXT: "For this cause left I thee in Crete, that thou shouldest set in order the things that were wanting." Titus 1:5.

LET US get at our subject this morning through a letter which Paul once wrote to a young disciple of his named Titus. I shall take it for granted that Paul wrote this letter, although some scholars think that he did not. Paul, so the record runs, had left Titus upon the great island of Crete in the eastern Mediterranean, and the island of Crete was not at all a desirable place for a Christian to be left. The situation is summarized in one blistering verse of this letter: "One of themselves," says Paul, "a prophet of their own, said, Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, idle gluttons. This testimony is true." Such was Paul's summary of the situation in Crete and of the character of its inhabitants. But listen to him as he writes to Titus: "For this cause left I thee in Crete, that thou shouldest set in order the things that were wanting."

That is a queer reason for leaving a man in Crete, that the Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, and idle gluttons. It sounds like a good reason for getting out of Crete. But Paul was a man of stern fibre. He never shrank himself, and he never wanted his followers to shrink from the challenge of a difficult situation. He felt the stimulus of a hostile environment. There is something profoundly characteristic of the man himself and of Christianity at its best in that attitude. Crete—a hard place; the Cretans—a bad lot: "For this cause left I thee in Crete."

Put yourself in Titus' place as he received this letter. I surmise that it must have been a letter that Paul wrote to Titus in answer to one which he had received from him, and it ought not to be difficult to reconstruct the spirit in which Titus wrote. "Dear Paul," I suspect he had said, "this is an awful place. The inhabitants are hopeless, and the poor, struggling Christian movement is only rags and tatters. I am remaining here until you say 'Go' but I can't get away fast enough. For pity's sake, don't make me stay here all winter. There isn't a decent chance. Obediently but unhappily yours, Titus." And then he got this letter. "Titus," says Paul, "you are right about the Cretans. They are liars, evil beasts, idle gluttons. There isn't anything too bad that you can say about them. Crete is in deep need. For this cause left I thee in Crete."

This morning let us put ourselves in Titus' place. It ought not to be difficult. One way or another we are always getting into Crete. There are many differences that separate us here this morning, but any preacher could be sure of one thing that unites us: we all have been in Crete, we

are all going to be in Crete, probably most of us are in Crete now. Moreover, we are human and complaining, and we want to get out of Crete. I wonder what Titus said to himself when he faced this ringing message, "For this cause left I thee in Crete."

In the first place, he must have reminded himself of some simple but profound common sense about life which he ought never to have forgotten. I think he said to himself, "Paul is right. After all, happiness is not something that you find. It is something that you create. And if you start with that attitude you might just as well create happiness in Crete as anywhere else."

When a man lands in Crete, you see, as probably Titus did, hoping to find it a pleasant place, he is foredoomed to disappointment. He walks up and down Crete looking for happiness, but it isn't to be found. The Cretans are a bad lot. Then he gets this message that changes his inner attitude. He walks up and down Crete now, not looking for ready-made happiness, but looking for an opportunity. He has been left in Crete to use it as so much raw material out of which something can be made. He is saying to himself over and over again, "Life is not something that you find; life is something that you create." And, lo! Approached in that way, Crete becomes an El Dorado. That is not poetry; that is history. Crete did turn out to be one of the greatest opportunities that Christianity had in that ancient world. Today in Crete they are excavating the foundations of stately churches from which, in those early days when the Gospel went out in the crusade against the paganism of the Roman Empire, came teachers, preachers, and missionaries of the Cross. Whose name is on those churches? Titus! Whose shrines were built there? Titus! Saint Titus! Think of it! In the very place from which once he could not soon enough get away! Paul was right. "For this cause left I thee in Crete, that thou shouldest set in order the things that were wanting."

Surely, this principle runs through all of life. Life is not what you find; it is what you create. So many people wander into the world and pick up everything they can get their hands upon looking for life. They never get it. What they get is existence. Existence is what you *find;* life is what you *create.*

Biography is a running commentary on that. Who, for example, is this Scotch boy who landed in Boston a half century and more ago? He came over in the steerage when the steerage was a beastly place. His old Scotch father had told him that he was of "less than average ability." He began his life in America as a foundryman and he roomed over a liquor saloon in the north end of Boston. Who is he? George A. Gordon, one of the best scholars Harvard ever graduated, who in Old South Church, Boston, a few years ago celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate, one of the most notable for intellectual quality and spiritual influence in the annals of American churches, and who a few weeks ago fell on sleep full of years and of honor. His life was not what he found; his life was what he created.

One wonders if this ability to tackle life as Titus tackled Crete, without which America would lose nine-tenths of her glory, is going to be distinctive of this generation. Many of our children are going to schools where, as Dean Hawkes of Columbia says, they are asked in the morning what, if anything, they wish to study that day. We are surrounding them in our families with luxuries that we never knew, that our fathers never dreamed. They are told on every side that personality is a creature of environment and that the great thing is for everybody to be surrounded by commodious and comfortable circumstances. I do not think that that is going to make them morally wild, but I am sure that it is deceiving many of them as to the real secret of living. They are expecting to find life, pick it up, get it out of circumstances, and that is a lie. You

never find life; you create it. And oftentimes the best friend a man ever has is his Crete, the stimulus and challenge of antagonistic environment to awaken the resistance of his slumbering soul.

This principle, that all life has to be tackled as Titus tackled Crete, applies not simply to an elemental matter like character, but also to some of our dearest relationships. What is the matter with our sadly-shaken married life in the United States? Many people say that the laws are wrong. The laws about divorce are very chaotic and should be greatly improved, but all the tinkering that we do with the laws will not solve the problem of our family life. The deeper trouble is that young people approaching marriage think of it merely as a road to happiness. They expect magically to alight on happiness in marriage. They expect some day to fall in love and float into bliss. And the fact is there is little about marriage in itself to make happiness, while there are plenty of things about marriage to make perdition. Two personalities wanting to be happy come into a relationship the most intimate that earth knows, where all the peculiarities of one are thrust at the sensitiveness of the other. That situation by itself is much more likely to make agony than bliss.

There is, however, one glorious thing about marriage. It is an opportunity, the most beautiful opportunity that life knows. It is an opportunity to create a friendship stronger than death. It is an opportunity for children, the loveliness of their companionship, and the social service rendered to the world by their fine upbringing. It is an opportunity to build a school for character which shall make it easier for all who see it to believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Take marriage as a spiritual opportunity, the raw material, with many hostile and difficult elements in it, out of which strong souls can build a great result, and you will have a real home. But you never will find one. Real homes are never found; they are spiritually created.

All life must be so tackled as Titus tackled Crete. What existence hands us is raw material out of which something must be spiritually made. Only, a man who faces life like that needs a soul undergirded by great faiths, overarched by high convictions, and blessed with inward power. As a man thinks of life in this way, he hears the echo of an old word, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

There is a second thing that Titus must have said when he received Paul's letter. "Paul is right," I think he said. "This principle which he recommends is not only common sense; it is good Christianity." There is no use pretending to be a disciple of Jesus if you are unwilling to stay in Crete because it is difficult. Nobody who understands the spirit of Jesus' ministry can doubt that. Jesus belongs in Crete. Jesus particularly belongs in Crete. He belongs in Crete, not in spite of the fact that the Cretans are liars, beasts, gluttons, but because they are. "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them," said his enemies. Aye, he was always trying to discover Crete. "The publicans and sinners were drawing near unto him to hear him." Aye, he always attracted Crete to himself. There is no use pretending to be his disciples if we are dodging Crete!

Imagine the Master, if you can, in some discouraged hour when things were going badly with his ministry, saying, "O God, mankind is a cruel lot. They are selfish, sensual, hateful, brutish. Already I can see that what their fathers did to the prophets they are going to do to me. A crooked and perverse generation!" What voice would he have heard out of the unseen? "For this cause sent I thee into the world." You cannot imagine the Master going into any situation without making it his first business to look up Crete. "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick . . . I came not to call the righteous, but sinners."

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Just a glimpse of a secluded garden at San Juan Capistrano Mission in Southern California... The bells high in the garden wall are one of the charming features of this lovely nook.

Prayer

By Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick

ETERNAL SPIRIT, Who dwellest in light unapproachable, beyond the power of our thought to comprehend or our imagination to portray, and yet Who art revealed to us in the order of the world we live in, in the truth our minds discover and, above all, in spiritual life as we touch it in the noblest sons of men, we worship Thee.

We would bring our fragmentary and partial lives into the presence of Thy wholeness. We would bring our transient and temporary thoughts into the light of Thine eternity. We would bring our restless and irritated spirits into the calm strength of Thine everlasting purpose which Thou hast purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord.

See what complaints we have brought into Thy sanctuary against the circumstances that have fretted us, against the human friends who have failed us, against the enemies who have wronged us, and even against the justice of Thine order that has hurt us. Teach us, nevertheless, we beseech Thee, to see that each man is his own destiny, that each soul is its own heaven and its own hell. Send us back into our own souls to find there peace and power and adequacy, by Thy grace, to conquer life.

O God, we would escape from ourselves this hour, from our little and partial selves, from our mean and selfish selves. We would escape from our fragmentary and broken selves into Thy greatness. Teach us once again the everlasting mystery that only as we lose ourselves in something higher than ourselves can we find ourselves.

To this end give us a great faith to live by. From doubt and disillusionment, from cynicism and bitter rebellion, deliver us, good Lord. For uncertainty give us confidence. Though we may not see all things clearly, let us see some great things plainly that we may live by them. O God, give us light enough to walk by. Grant some perplexed souls here a large and steadying faith.

Give us wisdom to live by, we beseech Thee. We who walk so often blindly through the tortuous labyrinth of life, give us a clew this day. Let us have vision to see the way we ought to take through some perplexing circumstance. Let high decisions be made on the right side of great questions in Thy sanctuary.

Give us love to live by, we beseech Thee. Over all the bitterness that sometimes floods our lives let Thy love come. O Thou eternal magnanimity, make us more generous. Enlarge our sympathies; deepen our understandings and pities. Save us from resentfulness. Cast down within us pettiness and meanness, the great sins, and lift us up to largeness of mind and heart that we may have the grace to take within the compass of our care those whom by prejudice we have shut out or through dislike have hurt.

Give us great causes to live for. O God, we thank Thee for this difficult and serious time, this generation of many dangers and many open doors. Save us from living on a small scale in a great age. Lift up before the eyes of some youths here this hour causes worth giving life to that they may be glorified, not alone by what they are but by what they identify themselves with. Lift us up into better days in the nation. Build justice into our economic order. Enlarge the borders of our national thought toward brotherhood. Let Thy

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Ah, we respectable Christians! We have gone on building churches, elaborating complicated creeds, worshipping through splendid rituals, but how often the real spirit of Jesus has been somewhere else? Wherever in this modern world there is a Crete, where the situation is difficult and people needy, where for love's sake some soul puts itself alongside the need and lifts, there is the real spirit of Jesus, who "though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich."

One cannot speak of this without thinking of some of our modern Tituses, whom one knows personally, who have really gone to Crete. I baptized one years ago. She has graduated from Wellesley since. She has had all that American culture and education can give her. She has married a young physician. This morning they are away up the Congo in Central Africa. I suppose still the Cretans are liars, beasts, gluttons, but in that spot where under the magic of unselfish service a better day is dawning, there is a challenge in the very degradation that only Christian ears could hear: For this cause sent I thee to Crete.

Now when a man does live in this spirit of Jesus, it is more satisfying than anything beside. Consider: the deepest joy in life is creativeness. To find an undeveloped situation, to see the possibilities, to brood over it, pray about it, think concerning it, work for it, to get something done there that would not have been done except for your creative soul—that is a satisfaction in comparison with which superficial joys are trivial.

This is true even when creativeness is turned toward things physical, like the conquest of the air. Some time ago one of our aviators, who carried mail from New York to Cleveland, fell in the mountains of Pennsylvania and was killed. They found upon his body a letter addressed "To My Beloved Brother Pilots and Pals" and marked "To be opened only after my death." Listen to what he said: "I go west, but with a cheerful heart. I hope what small sacrifice I have made may be of use to the cause. When we fly we are fools, they say. . . . But every one in this wonderful aviation service is doing the world far more good than the public can appreciate. We risk our necks, we give our lives, we perfect a service for the benefit of the world at large. . . . But stick to it boys. I'm still very much with you all. See you all again."

You pity that boy? I don't. He had more fun in his short life than all the satiated pleasure-seekers who habitually try to feed their souls on Broadway's superficial foam. For the elemental joy is creativeness and when that spirit of creativeness is turned to spiritual ends and helps to transform personalities and societies it is so satisfying that I do not know whether it is selfish or unselfish. After Titus got started in Crete you could not have dragged him away.

The joy of every true preacher is not that he preaches to this number of people or that, but that every once in a while he comes within reach of an individual soul upon whom he can exercise a creative influence. I am thinking today of a Christian home, one of the most promising Christian homes I know. Who is the wife? She was a chorus girl here on Broadway. The current was too strong for her. She went under. She touched the bottom of the pit in this perilous city. You never would guess it now. Christ did in her a thing so beautiful that not only have the wounds been healed, but I do not know how you ever would find the scars. Columbus must have gotten a lot of satisfaction out of discovering America, but no more thrilling, I think, than to discover a soul in Crete and lead the way up. Don't dodge Crete. If in this city we have not found our Crete,—the area of human need that belongs to us,—then we are not quite Christians until we find it.

One other thing I think Titus said when Paul's letter came. I suspect he thought to himself: "Paul is right. The ultimate

test of a man's faith in God is its power to see him through a hard place." Perhaps we have not been sympathetic enough with Titus. Crete was a hard place, so hard and the people so unlovely that I suspect moral indignation had a good deal to do with Titus' first attitude. It would have been such a relief to his sense of what was fitting to curse them out. They were liars, beasts, gluttons. His moral indignation made him want to tell them what he thought of them and then leave them so. Ah, how natural! Many of us here this morning, I suspect, are tempted to deal with some situations which we face by that cheap and easy method of moral indignation. It is much easier to denounce than to build.

Consider the *church,* for example. Nothing is easier than to berate the church. Sectarian, obscurantist, belated, out of touch with the major movements of thought and life in our time—the churches do face the most perilous situation they have faced since the Protestant Reformation. Here is a chance for irresponsible critics to revel in denunciation, and they are taking full advantage of the opportunity. But they get us nowhere. The situation calls for another attitude altogether—for Tituses who will stay in Crete, not content with Crete, not complaisant about Crete, but building the better Crete that is to be. As Paul said, to "set in order the things that were wanting."

Alas! when one is in Crete how much easier it is to be indignant than to be constructive!

Most of us, however, face this problem in much more intimate relationships. You know your Crete; I know mine. And we know that our serious inward problem is somehow to keep Crete from becoming our spiritual enemy and to make it our spiritual friend.

An eminent expert on child psychology was called in some time ago to help a young boy who every night dreamed of a frightful tiger. Night after night that dreadful vision came, and the repetition of the fear was shattering the lad's nervous system. So one evening the psychologist gathered the lad into his lap and said to him, "See here, my boy, I understand that every night you meet a tiger. Now, really, he is a nice, friendly tiger and he wants you to like him, so the next time you meet him just put out your hand and say, 'Hello, old chap,' and you will see." So the boy crawled into bed and fell into his restless, apprehensive, tossing sleep. But presently he stirred and thrust a small hand out from under the bedclothes and said softly, "Hello, old chap." Then his frightened breathing quieted into the restfulness of natural sleep. Away at the center of his life he had made friends with his tiger.

That is about the hardest thing some of us have to do: to take a situation that we hate, and say: I am not going to let you be my spiritual enemy; you shall not scare me nor intimidate me nor embitter me nor crush me! like the dragons in old myths, which, boldly faced, turned out to be princesses in disguise, you yet shall be my friend. Happy is the man who so transforms his Crete! Happy is the man who so makes friends with his tiger!

ETERNAL GOD, our Father, Who hast given us in Jesus Christ the great captain of our souls, who overcame the world, we beseech Thee that through his Spirit Thou wilt beget in us a like power that we may live in this world amid its difficulties and its needs as becometh those who name him their Lord. We ask it for his sake. Amen.

▽

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on March 2, 1930, *at Temple Beth-El.*

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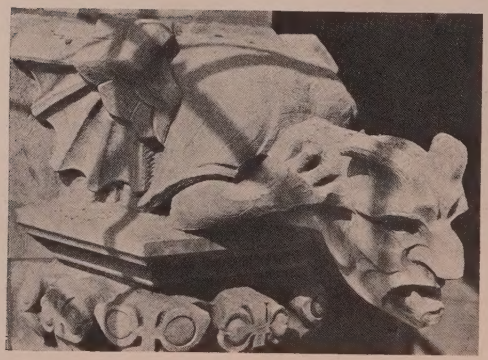
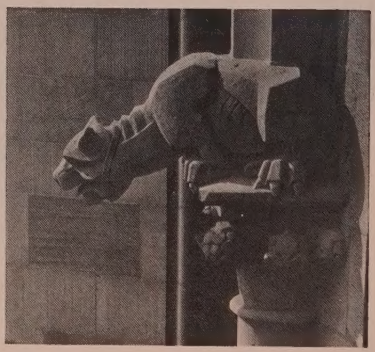
church be strong to comprehend the necessities of union and co-operation. And so grant that we may play a part in the things that matter most in our time that we may leave this world a fairer place for Thee to rear Thy family of human children in.

We ask it in the spirit of the Master. Amen.





Our Gargoyles

By Eugene C. Carder

In a previous article in "The Church Monthly" we talked about the philosophy of gargoyles and their use in architecture from the point of view of general interest. We drew there an analogy between the meaningless playthings which the tired artist's pencil will draw as he rests from the concentration of interest to which he may have been giving himself, and the appearance here and there among the beautiful arches, groinings, caps, pinnacles, and other architectural features of dignity and beauty, grinning and meaningless grotesques whose only service is to furnish contrast and background.

Now, we propose to philosophize, not about gargoyles in general, but gargoyles in particular—in fact, about our own gargoyles, those grinning, crouching, grimacing, queerly shaped and featured creatures of "no man's land" whom we find to be a part of the architectural design of the Riverside Church.

In the first place, let us think of them as answering the instinctive question which all may well ask, about the beauty and richness of the building and the tower, that is: "Is it really as beautiful as it seems to be or are there hidden flaws which my unpracticed eye does not discern?" The gargoyles are your answer. They crowd out between the most symmetrical and perfect of arches to grin and caper in apparent glee over their success in betraying the inward imperfections of man's effort to produce the perfect. Gothic architecture is characterized by a disposition to reach ever upward toward the vault of Heaven itself. In the ancient cathedrals of the old world the deep bedded and widespread buttresses of solid masonry prophesied in the earliest stages of a building's construction that its parapets and pinnacles would reach far aloft. In our building a similar prophecy was written in steel pillars fabricated in thirty-foot sections, with each section weighing thirty tons and in one sixty-foot steel girder, weighing more than sixty tons. These great dimensions not only prophesy of the heights which are going to be reached but they also testify of the forces which are to be overcome. They are going to surmount the heights against "the pull of the ground," as the aviator calls it. So all heights are gained. Always the pull of the earth must be overcome. In flying it is accomplished by the use of a motor, a propeller, nicely adjusted wings, and a pilot's skill. In architecture buttresses of stone and pillars of steel lift us aloft. The finished structure tells the story of a successful accomplishment. The tower is its own monument.

What about the forces that have been overcome? They have been very real. Shall they have no recognition or identity in the finished result? In the Riverside Church building the gargoyles may well represent all the hidden forces against which we have had to struggle as the tower was raised.

Gothic architecture's characteristic gesture is upward. The gargoyle looks downward. It is apparent as you observe him in his various appearances on the tower of our church that he has come up from within and below. Just as soon as he gets his

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head out into the open he instinctively looks in the direction whence he came and where he really belongs, i. e., below. One series of grinning faces presents itself at about one hundred and fifty feet above the earth, at the base of the tower. These fellows do not venture far enough beyond the face of the stone for us to see what their various forms may be. Not even their necks appear. They are just faces looking out to see, apparently, into what sort of a world they have been lifted by this relentlessly rising structure.

Two hundred and fifty feet above the earth, a group of bolder and more fully developed creatures have found vantage points on the four corners of the tower and have thrust their heads out well over the parapets. At once they betray their origin, however, and disclose their essential inappropriateness on a Gothic tower by looking steadfastly down toward the depths from which they came. It is apparent that they do not belong up there and they reach out longingly toward the earth below. But in their gesture of yearning for the things that are below they serve to accentuate the lifting power and upward grace of the tower behind and above them. Thus does the art of architecture successfully thwart the disposition to look downward rather than upward.

Still further up the tower appears the boldest of all our gargoyles. These four fellows found four high pinnacles, each on a corner of the tower, flat on the top in each case and affording a comfortable and safe seat. Here they sit upon their

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The Gargoyle in the Snow

(Inspired by the gargoyles of Notre Dame.)

By KATHLEEN MILLAY

The gargoyle looked at the snowing town,
Bending lower-bending low—
His old stone elbows reaching high
To touch the early snow.
The gargoyle looked at the sleeping town,
Bending lower-bending down
And he said, there's nothing new for the world to know.

Four hundred years I've watched the town,
Leaning farther—reaching down—
And there's never another way for a child to grow,
Four hundred years, four hundred years,
Of love and laughter, blood and tears,
Of feast and famine, weal and woe—
And there's never another way for the Seine to flow.

And high and lonely, cold and lone,
The gargoyle wept a tear of stone—
Four hundred weary years I've leaned
For priest and penient and fiend,
And there's no new way for a man to sin
And no new way to atone.

Spring and summer, winter, fall,
The people cry and the swallows call,
And I am old beneath the empty snow—
Bending lower — bending — bending — low.

(From the New York Tribune)

Men's Bible Class

By Cecil Kite

At a general business meeting of the Class held at the Riverside Church on Tuesday, April twenty-second, the following officers were elected for the coming year:

Honorary President,
John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

President, A. Robert Munro

1st Vice-President, C. D. Thoms

2nd Vice-President, J. A. Planteroth

Secretary, W. D. Camp

Treasurer, George B. Kemp

We bespeak for these newly elected officers the enthusiastic cooperation and goodwill of all the members as the Class enters the new year in the Riverside Church.

The present year has been one of steady progress despite the fact that the Class has been divided in its meeting places: the Sunday morning Session at Temple Beth-El, and the Men's Night on Tuesdays of each week at the Riverside Church.

Since the first of January there has been in attendance, on an average, of 144 men each Tuesday night at the Riverside Church. Special occasions, such as College Men's Night, brought out 246 men, representing over fifty different colleges in the United States and in several foreign countries.

An informal dinner has been given at six-thirty each Tuesday which has proven popular. Series of speakers enliven these. For example, there were the four after-dinner addresses on the "Machinery of Peace." These brought outstanding speakers, and were enthusiastically received.

I—March 25th—Honorable Everett Colby
Subject: The Needs for Peace Machinery—What Wheels are Turning?"

II—April 1st—Honorable Winter Russell
Subject: "Disarmament and How Can Nations Have Security Without Armies and Navies?"

III—April 8th—Captain Thomas Chamberlain
Subject: "Economic Interdependence — Can World Business Be Run Without War?"

IV—Apirl 15th—Alden G. Alley
Subject: "Gaps in the Machinery of Peace—What can the United States Do?"

A Readers' Club was organized early in the fall under the leadership of Albert Gubelman. Books of interest are read by the members, and papers presented on these and other topics of interest to the members. At this writing a play has been written burlesquing a typical meeting of the Club.

Another group that has created a great deal of interest and loyalty has been the Public Speaking Class. This group is the product of Robert McGlaughlin's keen interest in correct speaking. It might be said in passing that Mr. McGlaughlin teaches students with defective speech. He also gives talks over the radio to parents encouraging them to take a larger interest

in their child's speech habits. Mr. McGlauglin was a professor of public speaking at McGill University and has conducted the Tuesday night class along lines followed in a college department. Regularly from twenty-five to forty men gather for this training and discussion.

At five o'clock many gather for bowling. These have an opportunity for fun and exercise and at the same time men have a chance to become more closely acquainted. Tournaments have been put on between the Church Staff, the Board of Ushers, the Guild and the Class.

The basket ball team under the managership of "Bill" Daley, and the captaincy of George Seyfarth, has played a full and successful schedule this first season. Teams have been played from Manhattan, New Jersey and Long Island. In the late afternoon small groups gather for hand ball, for the use of the rowing machines and the weights. Next year it is hoped that a larger program will be developed which will make the maximum use of the fine facilities for physical exercise and recreation.

Dr. Stewart's Fencing Group, attended by from eighteen to twenty-five, has been one of the most attractive of the interest groups the men have developed. Those participating have enjoyed the experience and training under a successful and competent teacher.

It might be recalled that the fixed point which the enlarged activities of the Class have developed has been the Sunday mornning session. Up until a few months ago the Class has had no regular leader for sometime. This has been a distinct loss, as everyone realizes. Plans for the coming year are more certain. Dr. Carder has been leading the Class this winter and will be cooperating in our work next fall.

With the present year indicating slow but sure progress we can look forward to wider opportunities of usefulness within the church and out, as we anticipate entering the Riverside Church in October. We can but pledge our unanimous support to the officers who will carry forward the work of the Class another year. Men of the congregation who are to be in New York this summer may look for announcement next month of the summer schedule of hikes and out-door activities.

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Summer Schedule in the Riverside Church

The Riverside Building will not be in condition to be occupied during the summer months. The Sunday morning services at Temple Beth-El will be continued throughout the month of June. It is the plan also, to continue the amplified service at the Riverside Building during this period. The Church School closes its program the last Sunday of May. July, August and September will find the church services and activities of the organizations discontinued entirely. The Building Committee and various other committees will be busily engaged in the furnishing of the tower rooms, completing the structural details on the interior and preparing for the opening of the building and for the services of the church, on the first Sunday in October.

The Church Office will be open during the summer, from nine to four o'clock from Monday to Friday, and from nine to twelve o'clock on Saturday. The ministerial staff will be available for any service they may be called upon to render.

Women's Society

New Officers of the Women's Society

All the reports at the Annual Meeting of the Women's Society on April seventh were given with such careful selection of detail that keen interest was manifested as each new record of the year's work was presented. Among the colorful facts of the reports were the personal accounts of Mrs. Armstrong's Americanization Committee which told of visits to the homes of new Americans in New York City where English lessons were given and friendships formed.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Mrs. Charles Felix Burke.
First Vice-President—Miss Susan Boice.
Second Vice-President—
Mrs. Frank C. Foster.
Third Vice-President—
Mrs. Howard C. Barber.
Treasurer — Mrs. Dayton J. Edwards.
Recording Secretary—
Mrs. William F. Turnbull.
Corresponding Secretary—
Mrs. Herbert W. Todd.

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Echoes of the May Meeting

It is to be hoped that linked closely with every use made of the red classified supplement of the Manhattan directory the little extra idea of "the gospel according to the Telephone Book" may come to mind instantly as a challenge to remember that "the strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves." For the staggering list of doctors, osteopaths, oculists, opticians, dentists, nurses, hospitals, dispensaries, clinics, asylums, and drug stores in New York City, for six million persons, makes a strange contrast to the 1011 missionary physicians for the one billion non-Christians in the Orient and Africa with whom superstition and disease and ignorance are ever-present.

Baptists have thirty-five hospitals and eighty dispensaries in foreign mission fields, in charge of sixty-eight medical missionaries, assisted by three hundred American and native nurses. A total of over 350,000 patients receive treatment in one year. Such medical treatment is not confined to hospitals, for all our doctors and nurses make frequent trips to nearby villages where they hold clinics which are often evangelistic services for those who are waiting patiently for their turn. One doctor through her touring has been able recently to lead an entire village to Christ. One old woman worshipped her little medicine vial as "The God of the Pill Bottle," and, as a mark of gratitude, set forth on a pilgrimage to find this unknown God, showing her pill bottle with its label wherever she went seeking guidance to the printed name and address on it. Needless to say this left in her wake a string of persons curious to know who this new God was, and what He could do for them.

Native treatments consist of the wearing of a bit of sacred wood made into a bracelet or necklace or ring; or it may be a verse from the Vedas or the Koran worn around the neck as a charm, or tied in a corner of a turban or a sari. Sometimes the word Allah has been written on a plate a number of times with India ink and washed off. This water is then given to the patient to drink—for a raging fever, or an ulcer, or a broken bone but this treatment is not sufficient! Where disease is so

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Women's Bible Class

The Class closes officially on the last Sunday in May. An adult group of men and women will meet the Sunday mornings in June under the leadership of Mr. Cecil Kite to study Weyman's "Methods of Practical Religion."

The Fall session. The Class will open at the Riverside Church with a service in consecration of its own room in the new building. The following Sundays will be in charge of Mrs. Eugene Lyman of the Union Theological Seminary who will give eight lectures on "Christ and Today."

One of the most effective "missions of goodwill" that toured Europe last summer was a party of Business and Professional Women and we are glad that our church is finding itself a part of this expression through the Riverside Business and Profesional Women's Club. About one hundred and twenty-five women are active members and enjoy expression in various activities and a program of service. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

President, Miss Marguerite Smith
Vice-President,
Mrs. Marion LeRoy Burton
Corres. Secretary, Miss Clara Patten
Recording Secretary,
Miss Helen Woodward
Treasurer, Miss Josephine Brown

The Class will begin its fall work in its new home on the ninth floor of the Riverside Building, on October 5, 1930. All women are welcome.

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commonly supposed to be the malice of evil spirits at work, the patient is shaken violently to cast the spirit out; or branding with a red hot coin may be used to frighten the spirit away; or wild noise from the clashing of pans and the beating of drums may be tried.

It is small wonder that patients are heard to say gratefully:

"The hospital is my Mabap (mother and father)."

"That doctor, he took my sicknesses into himself."

"The Maker-Of-All-To-Be-Well has come to town, hurry! Hurry!"

We can say of the Great Physician with George Matheson: "In the culture of the past, Thou, Christ, art the only modern. None felt with Thee the sympathy for man as man. They felt for man as Greek, as Jew, as Roman, but not as man—not as hopeless, friendless, laudless, sick. Thou hast gone down beneath all qualities, beneath beauty and virtue and fame. Thou hast broken the barriers of caste; Thou hast reached the last motive for charity—the right of hunger to bread. O Son of Man, Thou hast been before us. Thou hast outrun our Philanthrophy; Thou hast anticipated our Benevolence; Thou hast forestalled our Charity; Thou hast modelled our Infirmaries; Thou hast planned our Orphanages; Thou hast sketched our Asylums; Thou hast devised our Houses of Refuge; Thou hast projected our Homes of Reform; Thou hast asserted the sacredness of infant life; Thou hast given a hand to the climbing woman; Thou hast outstripped both Peter and John in the race to the ancient sepulchres of humanity; at the end of all our progress we have met Thee."

And *this* is the Gospel according to The Telephone Book.

Board of Ushers

We are publishing herewith the list of members of the Board of Ushers of the Riverside Church. We want to put into the record the high appreciation of the ministers and officers of the church, as well as that of many thousands of church attendants, of their faithfulness, uniform courtesy and understanding, and the effective handling of the very real problems which the situation at Temple Beth-El this winter has involved.

We have been most dependent upon the ushers this year but not as much so as will be the case in the fall when our work opens in the new church. There will, however, be the very great advantage of our being introduced by our friends, the ushers, to a church home in which we can hope to live for a very long time. They will be opening our own door to us there and we and they together can look forward to becoming well acquainted with each other and with our surroundings.

In the equipment of the new building this Board of Ushers, with its membership of more than sixty young men, has not been forgotten. On the Cloister floor an adequate cloak room and appropriately furnished social gathering place has been set aside for them. We expect their number to increase and their responsibilities to become greater as time goes on. The Board of Ushers is an organization of volunteer workers whose services are essential to the Sunday program in the Riverside Church.

The Personnel of the Board, is as follows:

Chester H. Stevens, *Chairman*
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Publication Notice

An article entitled "Are Religious People Fooling Themselves?", written by Dr. Fosdick will appear in the May issue of the Harpers Magazine. This notice is carried for our readers who have requested information concerning articles by Dr. Fosdick appearing in publications other than "The Church Monthly."

Students as Summer Workers

Practically all of the self-supporting students at Columbia University undertake to balance their yearly budgets by summer work. The Appointments Office which is the central employment department of the University reports that it has already registered almost 2,000 applicants for jobs this summer. The registrants range from Freshmen to mature graduate students and ability to do practically all sorts of jobs is represented.

Many of the students find work in the offices and industrial plants of the city, but a large number seek positions outside of New York where maintenance is included as part of the compensation. The undergraduate students are particularly well suited to such positions as clerks and swimming and athletic instructors at hotels and private clubs. Many are taken by private families to their summer homes to serve as tutors and companions to children. Positions as chauffeurs and handy-men at private camps are also sought.

Through its Appointments Office the University makes a sustained effort to place its young men and young women for the summer, in order that they may continue with their studies in the fall. This office also recommends seniors for various positions in business and professional work after their graduation. The candidates are carefully chosen and are charged no fee. Recommendations will be gladly made at any time by the appointments office, Columbia University, telephone University 3200.

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A Prayer

(Offered by a child of the church at the Opening of the Church School in the Riverside Building.)

O Thou Everlasting Spirit of Fellowship, who art with us today in this great hall, and who hast been with us more than ever in these past weeks and months, encouraging the hopes, soothing the fears, that we have known in the building of this great temple—we worship Thee.

We ask Thy blessing upon the staff of this church that they may find the inspiration that will make their work here a happy privilege.

We gather here this morning, O Lord, in a building which, for most of us, holds few memories. During the coming years, we will be building memories. We ask Thy help in making them as beautiful as this church wherein they are built.

And then, in our play, Dear Father, which is to make up so great a part of our life here together, may we so conduct ourselves—playing fairly, winning gracefully, losing cheerfully,—that it may truly be said of us that we are serving Thee with gladness.

We ask it in the name of Jesus, our Elder Brother.

Amen.

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haunches, craning their necks toward the ground three hundred feet below, turning their backs upon one another as well as upon the tower, quite content in the delusion that they have come out on top and carried through their practical joke successfully. As a matter of fact the joke is on them for the pinnacles they selected for thrones prove to be only incidental to the main tower. The building itself goes on above them for one hundred feet with many more finials and pinnacles of charming beauty which come together at the top in a veritable crown of architectural triumph with gargoyles and all other symbols of the things of the earth left far behind.